

mead

REFLECTIONS,

THANKS FOR



100 sheets
composition book

LETTERS FROM THE BREATH OF LIFE

The Personal Notebooks of Mike Hentrich

SET₅: REFLECTIONS UPON MY INNER CONDITION

PHASE, → TURNING POINT

20 November 1997 .. 24 December 1997

1997 11 20 TH [1745] I made it to Turning Point. I mailed out letters to Mom and to Paul Sedor explaining that I was not signed up for the 90 day MAP program, but only for 28 days. I am stunned. It seems a very good possibility that I will be home for Christmas.

When I first arrived here in shackles, Carmen asked the Sheriff's Department Officers if they had my medication. When they said "No", he told the officer to take me back to jail. I pleaded with Carmen to come up with some kind of alternative.

"Does he have any money?", Carmen asked. I said that I had \$49.00. Carmen agreed to let me pay for the prescription. I was so relieved. I almost thought my life was some kind of nightmare.

I did not instantly realize that I was to be here 28 days rather than 90 days. It took me awhile to catch on. Questions like "Have you ever been in a 28 day program before?" got me curious. So I inquired indirectly. I was told that I was not a MAP client. I was told I ~~will~~ will be here 28 days.

I think I will let Mom pass on the info to Nancy Gahn. I will wait until December before writing to Nancy. At least I wrote to Paul Sedor. I think I will write to Tom Patterson at MCCI to let him know the good news. I will also be using MCCI PAD #12 to brainstorm for ideas.

11 20 TH [1945] I want this notebook to be the first notebook of a new set. The notebook itself is TURNING POINT. I will name the set at a later time. My entries in this notebook will be brief. I have work to do in a notebook issued to me by Turning Point. On ~~With~~ that note, I will now concentrate on the program. I am a client. We are fed very well. I am at peace.

[2200] I am ready to go outside for the last cigarette of the day. We just had hot dogs. I ate 3 chili dogs at 9:45 PM! Imagine that. They feed us four times a day here.

[2230] Weekday (BASIC) Schedule → rise 0600, breakfast 0730-0800, Morning Chores 0815-0845, Light Exercise 8:45-0910, Meditation 0845, Morning Session 0930-1100, Lunch 11:30-1200, Study Time (MO, TU, TH) 1200-1230, Work Therapy 12:30-1300 (MO, TU, TH), IPRC Meeting OR Free time (WE) 1200-1315, Recreation 1215-1315 (FR), Afternoon Session (TU, FR) Group (MO) 1330-1500, Commencement (MO-FR) 1500, Recreation 1530-1615, Dinner 1630-1700, 1715-1750 (Walk), Evening Session 1800-1900, Study Time 1910-1945, AA Meeting 2000-2130, SNACK 2130-2200, Study time 2200-2245, BED 2245

1997 11 21 FR [0810] I discovered a perfect time for writing.

If I wake up at 0600, after I make my bed, I can sit with coffee and write. I was assigned a job this morning. I have to rake/sweep up the cigarette butts outside. I am happy to work outside.

11 21 FR [1110] I raked up many cigarette butts outside this morning. Now that I cleaned so well the first day, from now on I can clean quickly from 0815 - 0845 and then walk from 0845 to 0915 before the morning session. I think it is a sign from the Spirit Behind This World that the cleaning up of the outside smoking area was the last job left. I will an extra hour per day outside.

The rule restricting cigarettes is helping me to cut down. We get 4 smoke breaks - each 15 minutes long. I smoke 2 cigarettes at each break - 8 smokes per day. I will see if I can cut it down even less as I go along.

The morning session was cool. I learned that gratitude and resentment cannot exist at the same time. It is impossible to ~~to~~ get drunk when ~~one~~ is one is grateful for one's sobriety. This I have learned. I will try to be more friendly when I go back into society. I will try not to be so self centered.

11/24

The world was closing in on me in July 1997. The higher ups at work were conspiring to have me sent for a psychological evaluation. I could not fathom it - the fuck I was catching even though I was working hard. So, I go out, get drunk, and never make it home. I almost made it home. I spend 4 months in the county jail waiting for an arraignment, fearing the entire time of being sentenced to 5 years in prison for a charge I felt was truly ridiculous (slacking), and then I sign a plea bargain.

I figured I would go to Turning Point for 30 days, but this is only after 8 months in the Salvation Army was rejected by Noreen Carmody and my lawyer.

Then I was told by other inmates I would be there for 90 days and possibly a halfway house. Now I realize that I will be here for 28 days and that returning directly to work / Task house seems most probable.

When I get back to Freehold, I will be on probation. I will be on probation for 5 YEARS! I will have to accept that I will not be drinking or drugging. I might as well accept the fact that I am better off without ADDICTIONS.

11 24 Mo [1930] This is real: I am looking forward to holding the cat, Forest, in my arms and seeing him cuddle on a blanket to sleep! That will be my sweet heart's desire! No lie. Forest and I are family. We are a pack, the last of the pack that is left.

[2145] Slowly I am maturing. Slowly I realize both my GRANDFATHERS ARE DEAD. Grandpa Hentrich died in 1991. I remember the notebook in which I recorded my reactions. It seemed unreal. Grandpa Weber died just this year at the end of March 1997. My father is now the Elder Male at 56 and he runs a marathon 20 minutes faster than he did at age 36. I am also aging. It is such a revelation to realize that the true fulfillment in life is in mere existence. To be a human being, to be a creature, to experience the journey of life and to reflect upon the inner condition of the breath of life; these are what offer fulfillment. One need not be a king or a superstar. There is great magic in the ordinary life, the basic experience that is existing. This can be seen as a "spiritual awakening". Why do I write my reflections upon my inner condition? It is fun to look back and read my reflections.

11 26 WE [2220] The little things are important in daily life.

I experience much anticipation about returning to Freehold. I ache to walk the fields and woods around the Tank House. I would hit my knees on the earth and be filled with gratitude. I long to cross that gate; that was as far as I got to getting home on July 14th. So much has happened since that day.

What would have happened to me were I not arrested that day? How would the psychiatric evaluation have gone? Now I am back on my medications. I am learning about basic skills to cope with my feelings.

Although I will have a job and a house waiting for me, everything hinges on ~~my~~ the outcome of my DWI and Leaving The Scene of An Accident tickets. I pray that the New Jersey State Park Service will have mercy on me.

I know I keep writing about this far, but it presses on me. At least I will be able to rest at ease until I actually go to court. At least I will have had 4 months in the county jail and the completion of a 28 day treatment program to show the judge that I am a changed man.

I hope for the best, but I am prepared for the worse. I look forward to playing my drums from the gut. I look forward to putting my park uniform on.

I WAS NEVER INVOLVED IN ANY ACCIDENT.
IT WAS ALL A BIZARRE MISTAKE!
WHAT THE FUCK?

NEVER AGAIN
12/24/97

1997 11 27 TH [1935] THANKSGIVING DAY

Today was different in that it was a special holiday, but also in the fact that I discovered a book here in the facility that is non-12 step. Even though I explained to my counselor my interests in Rational Recovery, and even though she said she would try to find some pamphlets on Rational-Emotive Therapy, the worksheets she did ~~at~~ give me were based on Hazelden's version of AA and its steps, addiction as a disease, acceptance of powerlessness, etc.

Anyway, on the morning walk, I overheard this intelligent 44 year old black man ($\frac{1}{2}$) having a friendly argument with the staff member who was escorting the walk. He was strongly opposed to being accused by AA old timers that when he disagreed with the disease concept, he was "in denial". I was tuning into the discussion from a few feet away. Very much like my counselor, she was admitting that AA and the 12 step program may very well not be the only method for coping with addiction, but that this facility, as well as every other treatment facility is working with the 12 step program with all its ideas of powerlessness. Only one week in the facility, I have discovered a book that may help me find some balance.

75/11
So, while inside during a break period, I mentioned to this guy Greg - the guy I overheard talking rationally, that I had studied Addictive Voice Recognition Techniques and had actually spoken to the founder of Rational Recovery on the phone - all the way in California.

He told me to take a look between the bookcover of Alcoholics Anonymous: Comes of Age. I had seen him studying it several times over the past week, and I wondered why he found it so interesting. I had read Comes of Age years ago.

To my amazement, when I looked under the book cover flap jacket I saw a different book: THE TRUTH ABOUT ADDICTION AND RECOVERY Stanton Peele; Archie Brodsky ISBN 0-671-75530-7

It is not as though I was having problems with the disease concept and turning Point's AA centered philosophy. I mean, I was arrested and thrown in jail for "eluding" - in reality I was arrested for being out of control and deranged, hence this animal was sick, ill, but was it a life long disease?

I am told manic depression is also a life-long disease. So I am placed in a facility to be REPROGRAMMED. When I leave here I will be required by the Probation Department to attend AA meetings, get a sponsor, etc. I have to yield, but this does not forbid me

11/27

from investigating other alternatives. I will protect my sobriety. I will re-enter the Fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous while at the same time studying myself in solitude.

The novel THIS PERFECT DAY by Ira Levin has some parallels here. Of course, I am very comfortable with the knowledge that all is for my best interests. The Court system wants me to get help so that I don't get "out of control and deranged" again.

I will be intensely supervised for the next 5 years. There is a difference between being a PROGRAMMED 12-stepper who parrots the party-line and an honest human organism that ran into problems because of his addiction and has ~~passed~~ been put "through the system".

Coming through the system for the second time, I seem to have been "sick enough to require treatment".

I go in one end of the system, the liquor store, the car, the job - I enter the jail after arrested - I clean out my system; my mind clears up - I am placed in a treatment facility to be programmed. Today is different in here. It is Thanksgiving Day. ~~This is not war~~

This evening there is no evening meeting. Because of the holiday, all clients are watching television. There are 3 TV's going, movies - a couple guys play backgammon. I get ready to move my barrels while reading THE TRUTH ABOUT ADDICTION AND RECOVERY with it's AA book flap camouflaging - I don't want to make too big of a deal about finding this book here, but I am keeping up with my "disease concept" assignments. I have time to explore. When I get home, I will be reading some Rational Recovery literature, some Albert Ellis, the works.

I will remain very calm. I am not out to change the world. Staying sober is important. I want to change, to mature, to grow. The thing is that I cannot be that much different than others who have passed through jails and institutions to find themselves in the rooms of AA. I will keep my ears and eyes open. I will not speak during meetings too much, but will make my comments one on one on the side. I shall see how it goes. I am me. I am a free thinker. I am a member of the human race, and I wonder about the disease concept even though it has helped me to be recognized as needing help as opposed to punishment.

NOTE: In Mom's letter, she mentioned how amazed she is with how I adjust to any environment I find myself in. She said I have been like this since I was a child. This is powerful. May I find power in adjusting each morning.

[0917] It is good that I have my personal notebook on hand here in Turning Point. The notebook distributed to me by the staff is for taking notes from lectures and what not. I will use it as per release, but this notebook is where I am truly honest. It is 0920, time for morning session. I shall endure. I am wide awake. My mind is my own.

[1215] There is a part of me that is pure organism-as-a-whole. It peers out from inside the skin to perceive the world. It is this presence that is always in the present moment. I can look forward to the day I return to Freehold, but the organism-as-a-whole is here now in the moment. It is this very same presence that will exist in the moment to moment reality back in Freehold. I am able to feel as much inner peace now as then. There is no destination. All is journey.

[1730] I received a letter from Mom, a letter from Nancy Gahn, and a card from Joan. I had to send Mom a reply as she had my finances all screwed up. She says I have \$200 left, when I thought I had a total of \$750. I am not angry, just a little disgusted. Joan sent a beautiful card. She said Dick Barker wants me to write to him personally stating discharge date. I have a letter ready to go, but I am waiting for a counselor to add a formal letter along with it.

11/29

Although the "sliding" charge that caused me to be arrested and torn from my life at MBSP has seemed to be unbelievable, if I make it back to my position in the community a wiser, more mature individual, it may turn out to be a positive force in this phase of my life. I was lost these past 3 years, lost in self pity, loneliness, drug-crazed obsessiveness, and leading a double life. Truly, I was miserable.

The way in which I was screaming out my car window on the day of my arrest is imprinted in my memory.

This was "embarrassingly and dangerous antisocial behavior". What does it mean to be antisocial? I had become a dangerous element - as an individual, I had to be dealt with. I was disorderly.

I may be overcome with feelings of shame at having been arrested, at having become so hostile and out of control, but I will not hang my head in shame. I believe in personal transformation. I will be so very grateful for my simple position in the community. I will use hours of loneliness to listen to the stings ~~for~~ of my heart. The powerful feelings will no longer be deadened by chemicals. My inner pain will mold my mannerisms.

11 30 54 [1430] Unreasonable resentments... this is what got me arrested and caged up like an animal in a zoo. Anarchy against Allert.

Suspended With Pay until Psychological Evaluation or Psychiatric Evaluation. Mood swings.

The day of my arrest. The woman in the liquor store said "You can't light that [cigarette] in here." - when it was just hanging out of my mouth unlit.

This gave me such a resentment - this little comment - that I drove through town with my head and $\frac{1}{2}$ my body out the window screaming "The Jews are robbing us! The Fucking Jews are robbing us blind! Fucking Jews!"

The police chased me. When I got home, I did not even realize they had been chasing me. They mased me, arrested me, brought me to the police station, transported me to the county jail. I was processed into MCCI spending 4 months in H-2 before being transported here at Turning Point.

Perspective: I was an unstable phenomenon. I was a sick member of society. My organism was out of control and deranged. Now I will be put on probation. The zoo keepers will be watching me.

There is nothing funny about July 14th, 1997 — what happened that day is the outcome of my most precious ~~off~~ organ, the brain, being shut down by alcohol. My emotions were pouring out in anger, rage, and confusion.

When I return to Freehold, I will not simply be a once anti-social element coming back into the community tamed. I am also one who may be seen as being unstable, on the verge of unexpected behavior, unpredictable. I cannot allow myself to be judged by my past behaviors. Behaviors can change.

This is truly an adventure. Nothing is written in stone. I am surviving the ordeal with a minimum amount of complaining and a maximum amount of awe and wonder.

Sunday is blessed in that we are able to take a nap from 1430 to 1615.

I will curl up into a ball and sleep as all animals sleep. I am realizing that it is in being an animal that

I find the most freedom from the past and future (concepts). I have survived the past, adapted to the present, and shall never exist in the future. My animal presence will return to Freehold with more powerful Intellect.

11/30/97

[2230] "problems at work that may get addictive behaviors to start - tension, overwork, management styles that are irrational or unsupportive. When individuals abuse drugs or alcohol, their behavior is often linked to stress, malaise, alienation, and insecurity they feel at work."

- Even though Jim Noe, my immediate supervisor, is said to have been coming in at 0800 since my arrest, there is no doubt that the unsupportive and irrational management at MBSP contributed to my drug/alcohol abuse.

I look forward to returning to MBSP, but should the worse happen that I lose my DL and have to leave MBSP, I cannot allow myself to think I have nothing to live for.

It is a dead end job. Look at the people I would have to work with over the years!

I think the spirit of the Universe is with me. I could sell my drums to Freehold Music Center and live in my mother's basement. I would look in the newspaper for work in Freehold. I would reflect upon Florence. A JOB IS SLAVERY. I will survive.

DECEMBER 1997

1997 12 01 MO [1530] I spoke to my counselor about the letter to Trenton. She told me to send mine out by itself. She will write some kind of note stating that I am in treatment. All Dick Barker requested was a letter from me about when I will be returning to work. I told him December 22nd. I said I would report to the Region Office on Friday, December 19. This is a relief. I will report to probation in Freehold as soon as I get back to Freehold. I have decided I will not worry about the DWI and SCENE OF ACCIDENT tickets until I go to court. Perhaps I will get the VW insured as soon as possible. It is cool how I am kept in check with this other court thing hanging over my head. People will wonder why I am not overjoyed to be out of jail. I will be calm. This is only one phase of my life. There is more to come. I would have been better off just reading books than going out to get drunk. The search for euphoria ruins my life. Now. Tomorrow I talk to the counselor one-on-one. We will discuss the letter she is to write. We may discuss discharge plans in advance. I look forward to seeing Mom on Sunday December 7th. After that it is only a matter of eleven days before I return to Freehold.

rock

reflect
e.

S M T W T F S
~~7~~ ~~8~~ ~~9~~ ~~10~~ ~~11~~ ~~12~~ ~~13~~
~~14~~ ~~15~~ ~~16~~ ~~17~~ (A)

12 07 su [1725] When I rise tomorrow I will have ten days to go. That is one more week, one more weekend plus three days.

The visit with Mom was great. She had gotten my letter about the money situation and she even apologized for not mentioning the balance in my account. She told me Dad came by last week but he was turned away because he was not on the list.

I received a notice from DMV saying that my DL would be suspended as of 12/19 if I did not take care of the speeding ticket I got 7/10. The ticket was paid, but Mom never got a receipt. She will photocopy the check and mail a copy to DMV in Trenton.

This way I will be able to drive when I return to work. It was great to hug Mom, to see her, to discuss what we would do on December 18th. I will be resistant to an extension to my "treatment" as I want to return to work. I will talk to my counselor on Wednesday 12/10 to get clarification on what probation has planned for me. I will not be able to rest or be at ease until I am on the same page with probation. I know my counselor won't extend my

50/51
"treatment". Mom could not find my glasses. I will have to search for them when I get back to the Tark House. While there, she borrowed a flashlight from Bill Allert over at the shop.

Bill Allert, the 74 year old that I had a blow up argument with the week prior to my arrest, when my mother told him I would be home very soon - within a couple of weeks - said, "Oh? Well, he can't just waltz back in here. That has to be decided by Trenton. He can't just go by what people at the park office say."

Meanwhile, I am going directly through Richard F. Barker, the Assistant Director of the State Park Service in Trenton. Claude Desjardins said, "I hope he learned his lesson."

Mom was aggravated. She sees what I have to deal with. She went by the park office. Joan, Sharon, and Nancy all told her to ignore Allert, that Dick Barker was in the office getting my records in order for my return. Joan told Mom that for whatever reasons, the suits in Trenton really wanted me to come back. If Trenton wants to keep me, what does Allert matter?

12/10

Robert Pirsig referred to his "inner presence" as Phaedrus - an old Greek name. I could likewise use a Greek name such as Abraxas, but this would confuse the god with my personal inner self.

I could go in a radical direction and declare that there is no unified self but a complex structure consisting of microscopic processes that can be referred to as "We" instead of "I".

What is the blood? What are the processes that make us perceive the world?

The organism-as-a-whole, that is what I wish to give a name to. There is an inner self, but is this ^{not} simply the presence of mind inside my skin?

To name my organism-as-a-whole is to recognize it as a creature, a creature I identify my entire existence with. How can I separate myself from it? Not only do I identify myself with the organism-as-a-whole, but I am the very processes of perception taking place within the sensory apparatus.

Can it be nameless? What is wrong with the name Mike? That is my special identity. I want a name that is known between only by me that ~~is~~ labels/identifies my Inner Self.

12/10

How is it that Abraxas may be at once both the godhead and also the inner self? Abraxas is the source of thoughts coming from the inner self. Become the presence of God. Merge with the one.

The whole concept of Reflecting Upon My Inner Condition is to reach states of pure perception of inner realities, quite simply to attain honest awareness of self and world. Abraxas takes no exception to any of our thoughts. Do not first ask whether a thought or feeling is permitted. If it is, lust I felt, I observe it - I know not to obey every urge of the body. Abraxas, the Inner Self, contains the luminous, as well as the dark, worlds.

As far as lust goes, a time comes when the creature is better off alone without sex, and yet there is also a time for the deep pleasure of sexual intimacy. Abraxas contains both the holy and the carnal. There is no contradiction within the inner self. There is both Beast and Neocortical Intelligence. There is the humility of hunger and physical frailty as well as the majesty of abstract intellectual theories.

This evening I have great hope. May the spirit of my writings reflect this.

1997 12 13 SA [0820] "It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining, and no one's gonna stop me now. Oh yeah." - Queen
The winter sky truly is inspiring this morning. I reflect upon the song from "Made In Heaven", and I am inspired. Now I am so close to going back to Freehold, that it is better not even to count down the last five days. In fact, it is best to try to slow down the beating of my heart, slow down my breathing. I have gone over in my head over and over my return. There is nothing to do but live it.

I will be anxious enough Wednesday night (17) and Thursday morning. What can I do to alleviate the anxiety I experience from now through Tuesday (16)? Detachment is the key. First of all I realize that these months in jail have given me an appreciation for my powerlessness. Being arrested, although I believe the entire event to be a farce, would never have occurred if I were sober. Never again I say. To have been granted probation is nonetheless a blessing. I am not worried about probation. I will do what I have to do to keep my freedom. I will walk through the snow like an Eskimo to report. I will attend AA meetings and keep my head together. So much I will experience will not be put into words. This is an INSIDE JOB.

Rather than become anxious about the new beginning in my life, I will be open to honestly experience my feelings, whatever they may be. I will write about how I feel.

I will try to limit my expectations. Life is a journey, and I have by now become intimate with my innermost feelings.

Shall I say this is all a learning experience? Time for my last Big Book Session with Jim Mahoney.

[1110] Do I notice changes taking place in me today? I find myself relaxed, grateful that lunch is only 20 minutes away; I will enjoy the cigarette after the meal. I will sit through "art therapy" and then enjoy a 2 hour nap before dinner. To be honest, the nap will be the high light of my day. Dad may visit tomorrow. That would put things into perspective. We could talk about how I would have been in the Salvation Army for 8 months! I suppose I write so much because I am aware that each day is a process. In observing the process, I might learn how to be better able to live in the present moments of the process. When I get back to Freehold, I will want to read through some of my notes from April, May, June, July 1997. This will surely help me see changes.

12 13 SA [1920] This ritual of keeping a journal may be called journaling. People ask me if I would ever publish what I have written, and I feel awkward. Sherry Nevahis used to press that issue with me. The reason I answer in the negative is because I can't see my thoughts as being important enough to be read by strangers. Don't people have things to do such as raising children or earning a living?

These many notebooks I as a whole are becoming something a published book could never be. The very notebooks are Letters From The Breath of Life. I pray they will stay in the family. Perhaps some distant offspring from either of my sisters three children might find some excerpts to gather together from their great uncle Mike Hentrich.

Now, to the heart of why I write. While resting on my bed waiting for the meeting, I felt the presence of the Holy Ghost and I reflected on how Schopenhauer (the atheist) would write about the greatness of the holy monks. There is paradox here. Schopenhauer preached denial of the will, hence, any religion that curbed the tendencies of the

self will run riot could be seen as powerfully intelligent, wise, and holy. In the same sense, to behold the eternal in order to become more detached from our immediate troubles, is a way to overcome the terrible will. Drug addiction, including alcoholism, is a manifestation of self will run riot - even though this willing for the substance destroys the organism thereby going counter to the inherent law of self preservation.

I am beginning to understand why it is widely believed that only a spiritual experience can save the addict from his/her dilemma. On a more personal note, my will has been concerned about returning to MBSP, getting around without my VW for awhile, meeting requirements of probation, and facing the possibility of losing my DL with all that will bring about.

These things concern the core of my being, hence there is angst, care, worry. SPIRITUAL WISDOM would have me "give it up in prayer". In doing this, I pray for calmness, to be made to walk in a sacred manner, to slow down to move in harmony with the eternal mind, and to KNOW that SALVATION IS WITHIN ME.

1997 12 14 SU [0830] When I walked out into the little yard for my morning "smoking of the tobacco" ritual, the sound and feel of my boots crunching into the ice covered ground put me in touch with the ancients. In some very basic ways we are one with all creatures. I looked to the eastern sky to behold the sun, its golden light shining like a god through the trees. I felt as humble and holy as a Native American Indian praying to Wankan Tanka. I knew at that moment that I was a child of this universe, and I felt there were presences, spirits if you will, that were watching me from behind the scenes. I gave thanks for having gotten me this far. Although I have not been able to fathom the process of being arrested, I can see that with the substances out of my system, my ability to keep my head together has improved. I am looking forward to seeing my Dad today, but I realize there is a chance he may not make it. I pray for the calmness to be able to stay focused in the present moments. The trick to keeping from being stressed out about the countdown to returning to Freehold is to reflect upon how unexpected my early return is to me! 28 days < 8 months

12 14 54 [1430] Dad did not show up for the visit. This is no problem. I will see him Thurs night over at Tami's. I guess I will curl up under the blankets to sleep until dinner. This is a ritual since I have been here to take a nap before dinner on the weekends. It is the only time sleeping is permitted other than between 2300 and 0630.

I have heard counselors suggest to clients that they write a journal consisting of "letters to God". This is kind of like what my sister does with her Prayer journal. The concept of Letters From The Breath of Life is in a sense prophetic. What writes these words are chemical processes of my living nervous system. This nervous system will one day expire. There will be no more Breath of Life.

Certainly I will not be able to read these words after my organism dies. Only another breathing sentient being will be able to read these words.

For me, writing in my journal is a practice that enables me to express my honest feelings. In a real sense, these truly are my prayers to unseen presences. Inch by inch, we go a mile. Page by page, we fill the note books until the end.

12/14

This may also help me keep from being so obsessed with Thursday, Dec 18. Staying in the now, I am not only aware of my inner processes perceiving the environment. I am also intuitively aware of how I got where I am, where I am heading, and the presence of some Higher Intelligence working in my life.

Now is a good time to look back on my life to see just what is going on "RIGHT NOW". I graduated from CBA a confused, angry drug addict. I ended up a homeless, out of control wild man. That was the first time MY BODY AND MIND were locked up to be "corrected".

Twenty months later (writing Meditations of A Hermit all the while) I was released to live with my sister. I worked at Auto Spa and rode my bicycle to AA meetings. I reported to parole in Red Bank by bus.

By the time I got my license back to drive, I was a seasonal at MBSP - soon to become a permanent employee at Cheesecake State Park.

The Higher Powers That Be saw that I was doing the right thing. I was given a position. Soon I moved in to Mom's basement. Within 2 years I transferred to MBSP.

47/57

Was I happy at Cheesgrave? Something
lurked in my soul. The angry rebel
still resented authority. Soon after I
transferred to MBSP I met Sherry. Just
before the transfer to Monmouth Battlefield
I found Rational Recovery and left Alcoholics
Anonymous. There is nothing inherently
wrong with this. I am still not
sold on attending meetings for the rest
of my life. I will keep
Rational-emotive therapy close at hand
while attending MANDATORY AA meetings.
Surely AA attendance will be required by
probation.

As I said, I met Sherry and moved
into the Tank House in 1992. It seems
like yesterday. I felt very much alive. I
was obsessed with possessing Sherry.
Again, I see nothing inherently wrong with
having cohabitated with Sherry for
nearly 3 years. We were happy,
but we did have our share of
problems. As we went along, we began
to notice how incompatible we were.
Marriage just was not going to happen. She
wanted a house and seemed against
the idea of having children by me. Finally in
1994, I crossed that line and started
smoking reefer for the first time in 7 years.

12/14

This is all in the here and now right now. Yes, it is in "the past" - but it is all within me. After I had Sherry move out of the Tail House I went into severe depression, giving in to the Beast of Dependence upon Alcohol and Drugs.

From 1995 (MAY) right up until now has been a very grim experience. I underestimated the pain of losing Sherry, of facing my total inability to cope with myself alone.

The memories of the crack crazed summers of 1995 and 1996 are too degrading to recall in detail. Suicide was very much a potential solution to the agony and shame I felt.

I made an attempt to free myself from the HELL I was living.

This was in September 1996. The Powers That Be recognized my efforts as noble. By February 1997 I had fallen back. I had never really accepted the manic depressive diagnosis, I refused to attend group meetings, and I had a strong desire to smoke marijuana again - which I did in February 1997.

By the summer of 1997 my employer and associates were aware of the return of my wild condition. Once again I had been

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possessed by the devil. The reality of my insanity was all too clear. I was self-will run riot. I was once again falling fast.

Reviewing the past ten years in this way makes me very aware of the benevolent power at work in my life right now.

The week of my arrest I was "suspended with pay" so as to be given a psychological / psychiatric evaluation. I had regressed into a state of wild, defiant, hostile rebellion. Everything seems connected as though I were a beast-creature on the Island of Doctor Moran who was captured for treatment — and yet, I brought my arrest on myself. I had been in a wild mood all month. I was wearing my Indian boot moccasins around, walking with a large stick in the middle of the night. I preached unorthodox practices, such as creating a trail system to be used for bands of rebels to gather for subversive meetings.

Yes, I live in the NOW. I was a sick member. I was arrested for "leaving the scene of an accident" that never happened. I screamed anti-semitic outbursts from my VW on "Main Street."

12/14

I carry with me the day of my arrest so that I can realize how OUT OF CONTROL and DERANGED I had become.

Sober, I would never drive down Main Street screaming "The jems are fucking robbing us!"

I ask myself, "Do you not see how ~~now~~ your entire mind-body has been purified and brought to a state of well-being precisely because you were arrested and put back on medication?"

I answer myself, "I see this." This realization, that being arrested was a consequence of my drug/alcohol induced psychosis, and that in having been held captive long enough for my organism to be treated by medication and abstinence, will be precisely what will give me the gratitude and peace of mind to keep me forever focused on the here and now right now.

Rather than fantasizing that I am the hero of a science fiction story, I take a look at the reality of our civilization. I could be locked in some dark hole in shackles getting shot up with Thorazine. Some Power Greater than me wants me Free.

1997 12 15 MO [0715] When sleeping and half-awake, reality is different than I thought it to be. My sex organ sometimes shrinks and gets ice cold. I feel that all I have written is foolish, all that I speak is in vain. Things are not what they seem. Perhaps it is best to remain quiet and live honestly and humbly with at least the awareness that I just cannot be conscious of the mysterious nature of reality. When I am awake for awhile, I begin to think I know, but let me fall into a deep sleep, and once again I am a stranger in a strange land.

Dream Recall: I was working at MBSP. I was shovelling around a manhole cover and I set off an alarm. Jim Noe and I worked to take care of the problem. Chuck Sany was on pain killers.

Line up for chow. Strange days..

[0800] I made it this far. The most difficult days are behind me. I have much to look forward to. These are the things I tell myself again and again as I wait for Thursday morning to arrive. I hope I can return to work on the 22nd. Either way, I will be back in the Tank House. All my things are there. All I can think is "I made it this far." Whatever doesn't kill you, makes you stronger.

12 15 MO [0820] So what to do about the knots in my stomach?

Could it be as simple as moving my bowels? Is that the solution to getting the knots out? I think I will feel much more relieved after my mother picks me up Thursday morning. Only then will I truly believe I am on probation.

After I talk to Paul Sedor or Jim Wiles I will know where I stand with the job.

Sure Dick Barker has made it clear that I am returning, but I want the local bosses to be cognizant of this fact, including Albert and Noe.

Once I am back I can take care of groceries, auto insurance, and the pending DWI. I am not alone. Jim Fagen is with me. I have reason to be anxious, but I also have good reason to be grateful. I am sober. I am 5 months back on lithium. I am in good shape - I can walk for however long I need to.

As long as I keep my ego out of this, I will find gratitude in my breathing, in meals, in shelter, and in my renewed connection to The Breath of Life. It is odd that I find myself worried about little things such as how I will respond to the arrogance of my coworkers at the park. Shall humility conquer arrogance? Shall love conquer hate? I have changed. I will no longer play the fool.

12 15 MO [1245] Last week I had 3 roommates. All 3 snored. One was discharged after his 28 days were up. (Carl). Another was Joe Madison - he is leaving today. His 28 days are up. Brian - he was administratively discharged. He was to leave the same day as me, but he had tantrums. He talked back to staff in a loud manner. Now I am alone in this room. Things change. Isn't it odd how I was alone in my cell in H-2 towards the end?

These are powerful messages for me to observe here in the last few days of treatment. Instead of being focused on the day I make my long awaited return to Freehold, I will stay focused on getting through this program. This is my time to get lockradassikels. I will make no eye contact with the females. I will avoid confrontations with my peers. I can't wait to be in Mom's car heading back to Freehold! I know I have written this before. I will surely write it and feel it again before I leave here.

One last thought: this is an exciting time for me - and possibly even for my family and work associates. Instead of pushing the time to move faster, it would be good if I could enjoy every moment of the ANTICIPATION.

So I view my life as a story, and yet
does not my sister have a story? Does not
my mother have a story? Does not my
father have a story? Do not Joey, Ashley,
Jasmine, Joe have stories?

Does not every living creature have a
story? In fact, as many creatures as
there are in the universe, that is
how many Centers of the Universe there are.

Perhaps when people speak of God,
or a Holy Spirit of the Universe, perhaps they
mean a higher faculty of our being
that connects us to the Web of Life.

Yes, and this Power Within might teach us
through events and people.

I look up to the moon that
is full - I see it through the window.
I see it with my mind through the walls.
The moon, that ancient stone in cold space,
it beholds me. It is aware of me -
it has power over my moods and the tides
of the earth's oceans. May the moon
remain full to see me back at the
Tank House on Thursday night.

May my pagan gratitude grant me
blessedness, and may I be wise
enough to honor the Christian celebrations.

My personal connectedness to the Spirit of the
Universe is being made stronger and more real.

12 16 TU [1935] One more meeting to go and the day is done. Tomorrow is my last full day here! I experienced something different in tonight's NA meeting. I realized that the network of people available out there is truly something powerful. I don't have to figure things out alone all the time.

The media tries to sell us happiness, something it hasn't the power to grant us. "Happiness in a box".

Often we believe that if only we were loved we would be happy. If only a woman were to devote her life to making me happy. Happiness cannot be bought or earned.

Could it be true that I could find happiness within myself? May the wisdom from real people flow into my open mind and take root so that my own wisdom may sprout. My experience and strength could also help others. After all, having been sober 7 years only to go on a 3 year binge makes my current sobriety more of a treasure than my first rebirth. Now all the theories are confirmed. I cannot successfully drink alcohol or use drugs. My addiction turns me into an out of control, deranged animal. Life is real. Life is raw. Keep it real.

[0805] The meditation before breakfast focused on the importance of acceptance, on how we cannot make happiness a priority. We will experience setbacks. I have images of walking into the Region Office tomorrow in my suit jacket and tie. I hope Steve Hara is there. I wonder how people will see me now that I have been back in jail.

Today at 3PM I get commenced. It is over. I am so anxious to see Mom tomorrow morning. Tomorrow my life begins anew! I will enjoy every moment of the day tomorrow. It is only natural that today I daydream of my return. It is a long time coming. Hollywood has nothing on the feelings I have right now.

As I go through the days events - the walk, the session, lunch, another session, the commencement, dinner, yet another session, and an outside meeting, I will try to remain calm. I remember sitting in jail back in the summer and feeling devastated at having been so suddenly removed from my habitat. Now, as I prepare to ~~re~~ re-appear, I realize how I have been transformed. It is as though I had been gone 3 years, ever since I first fell back into my addictions. Life is truly a journey, a story, more powerful and more meaningful than any Hollywood movie or daytime soap opera! The character development that has taken place will become apparent tomorrow.

12 17 [1110] a song... " One day left / I've got
one day left / One day left /
Gone home tomorrow
I've been in shackles and chains / Been
going insane / My life went down the drain /
But I am home tomorrow
Will people forgive me for my trespasses
Against society? —
Will the Powers that be
Have mercy upon me?
Will they have sympathy?
Let me have some dignity? — — —

" I'll be holding my head up high ... "

This can only be lived. I am so very
prepared for the interactions with characters
such as Paul Sedor, Jim Wiles, Claude
Desjardins, Bill Albert, Jim Roe, etc.

I will refuse to give them
power over my emotions. They will
bear witness to how my head is
together, how clear my mind has
become over the past 5 months.

I will try not to be defensive —
I truly love myself. Having my
mother pick me up will be the
best part of the day — she gives me
unconditional love.

[1520] I have been commenced. I have successfully completed the program at Turning Point. I gave the folks some laughs - I am a natural speaker. I explained how I had been through a program when I was 20, how I had been abstinent for 7 years, how I had been miserable. I confessed that I would have been able to remain abstinent from drug and alcohol use without a program, but that I still would have been miserable. All in all, I appreciated the love I saw in people's faces.

They spelled my name wrong on my certificate HENTRICK. I mentioned this in front of the crowd. I will have the certificate done over: HENTRICH.

[1540] My \$120.⁰⁰, 3 hour, psychiatric evaluation - as part of my after care - will be at 0915 at the New Hope Foundation on Throckmorton Street in Freehold on Friday, December 19th. This will be good to get this over with. Hopefully I can start work on Monday, December 22nd. We shall see tomorrow when I talk to Paul. Rose redid my commencement paper. She spelled my name HENRICH this time. She got it right on the third try with me in her office with her. I kept all 3. We spoke.

12/17

I have got that relaxed feeling when a fast in solitude is heavenly for we love the odors emitted from our own bodies.

So relaxed I am to be in the eve of my return to Freehold.

Dinner, a couple cigarettes, one last session, and then an outside AA meeting will bring me to my pillow for one last SLEEP here in Verona.

I will rise at 0630, get the shower turned on to warm up the water, and then I will shower and dress for breakfast. After breakfast I will smoke, then I will change my clothes and pack up my stuff. I don't want to forget my Monmouth County Jail writings that are in storage.

I will have my photo taken, and then I will wait for Mom - we will wait for me to be officially discharged. I have much to take care of tomorrow and Friday. At least I also have the weekend to prepare for Monday the 22nd. It is only a 3 day week besides!

I start with 2 4 day weekends!

The time has come to slow down. There is no longer a desire to have time "more fast". SLOW IT DOWN!

1991 12 19 ^{FR} ~~W~~ [0100] I am I.

[0200] Bottom line: When I got to talk to Paul Sedar and Jim Wiles at 1430, I was in for a shock. I will not be returning to work on Monday, Dec 22. In fact, I had to turn in my keys - all of them. Because I was guilty of a 3rd degree crime, "the Department" is going to terminate me. I will have to go to Trenton on Tuesday, December 23rd at 10AM for a hearing that will decide whether I will be suspended without pay or suspended with pay until it is official that I am without a job.

I can stay in the Tank House, but I ofcourse will have to pay rent whether I am paid or not. Paul made it clear that I would have to seek employment elsewhere if that is the case. My mom thinks I should move into her basement very soon.

My Dad seemed very disappointed.

Even though Paul was very cold, both he and Jim Wiles insisted that I was very intelligent with alot of potential, and that I did not belong working in a park as a maintenance worker anyway. They think I "should" move on to bigger and better things. I am both shocked and curious about my future. Paul Sedar and Jim Wiles think I should go back to college.

THE DAY OF MY RETURNING TO FREEHOLD.

1997 Joe - my nephew - treated us all to Federico's Mom, ~~Joe~~ myself, Tami, Joe, Joe himself, Ashley, Janine.
I met with Joan Halary - the probators officer. She has no paperwork on me. She will contact me. She thinks I should get a lawyer to fight the State to keep my job and house. I will call my Union representative and my lawyer tomorrow after I go for my 3 hour psychological evaluation at New Hope on Throckmorton. Ron Karpen runs it!

Forest the cat is alive and well. He is so happy that I am alive. I am so happy he is alive. Mom will let me bring Forest with me should I move into her basement.

This thing with my termination shocks me.
Wiles and Sedar made me out to be
a disruptive rebel who had 0 productivity!
This is how they see me. I think Claude, Bill Allert, and Noe had a lot to do with this lynching. I have to go with the flow. I don't want to sleep, but I have that appointment in the morning. Note: Noe snooped through 2 of my diaries!

12 19 FR [1415] Coffee and tobacco and ~~B~~ music. Mom
drove me down to New Hope on Throckmorton Street. I
paid \$120.⁰⁰ for the psych eval. I was there from
0915 to 1215. I stopped by Hendersons to say hello
to Ed, Storie, Danny, and Jose. I grabbed a slice of
pizza at Boro Plaza, and upon spotting Jim Noe's
state truck in the lot, I tracked him down at
King Garden. As we spoke, I could tell an elderly
black man was interested in what we spoke of, how
I had just gotten out of jail and was being
terminated by the State.

I could see that the black man recognized
me as "the kid who drove the red Jetta" ... yes I
am Mission Mike of Freehold. I wonder if word
is getting out that I am out of jail and
on probation.

I called UNION LOCAL 195. She will get
back to me. I called Jim Fagen's office. He
was not there. I want to walk over to the
park to say hello to Sharon, Joan, and hopefully
Nancy. I still have not had time
to read either STAYING RATIONAL IN AN
IRRATIONAL WORLD, or LIVING BUDDHA, LIVING CHRIST.

My own notebook, Scribblings & THE UNDERWORLD
from October 1996 is much too interesting to
put down. There is a chance Noe and
Wiles read it. All in all I am serene.
I do not demand happiness from living. This is
one thing I have learned never to demand.

12/19

Note: The next notebook will be fused with
"Scribbling Brainwaves Θ_2 July 1997". It is to
be REFLECTIONS₂ RAW REALITY.

I was going to call it "The Great Reality"
(taken from Alcoholics Anonymous ch 4),
but with all this going on with my
losing my job with the state, I
want to call it RAW REALITY.

Now I will walk over to the park.
When I return I will read my Oct 96
notes and the books I bought from
Barnes and Noble.

[1815]

When I went over to the park to see Sharon
and Joan, Jim Wiles was in the office.
He handed me paperwork from the Department
of Labor. They are seeking to suspend
me without pay for my criminal
conviction - ELUDING - Failure to Stop. All the
police reports are there. I may want to

bring this over to Jim Fagen on Monday.
I ~~called~~ Grandma Hentrich called me.

I spoke to her and aunt Sue about
how I may be losing my job.

Grandma tells me I will just have
to endure the adjustments. Both Grandma
and Aunt Sue expressed their love and
concern for me.

Claude called to see if I wanted to go to an
Ad meeting - a Step Meeting at 6:30 PM. I
declined as I want to go grocery shopping
with Mom at 7 PM. Claude and I spoke
for about 30 minutes. He told me everyone
had taken the Specialist test, that no one
did well - but that I would have done well.
I am disappointed. This would have been
my chance to shine a little. Why did I
lose control of my life? I cannot
get upset about it. I have to accept
the fact that my very position is in
serious trouble as I have now put
myself in a position to be removed from
public service. Fuck this system!

I will survive. I will not worry
over the weekend - what could I do anyway?
So I am down and out in Freehold New
Jersey. I am a "bad boy". Let the
hammer fall where it may; so be
it! I will no longer serve the
public. So be it. I am not
innocent. I was deranged and out
of control. I cursed the Jews.
Now I have to pay a severe
penalty, added to my recent jail time
and ~~pro~~ my current probation.

12/19
1997 12 20 SA [0045] While reading a spiritual/religious book Living Buddha, Living Christ, I suddenly realized I was truly alone out here in the woods. This is my testimony - I have no fear or shame of the truth. I closed the book, popped in a porno and proceeded to bring myself to orgasm. I ~~prolonged~~ prolonged it I was humping air. My body aches for a female partner. I am a sexual holy man!

The Holy Spirit is the Breath of Life. Life is created through orgasm. How can orgasm be immoral? I feel no shame. I really revered my body - now I am relaxed. Beating with life, I am Raw Reality. I am I. I truly believe the local police are pleased that I am to be removed from public service, removed from the Tank House. No one will lock them out at night anymore.

The fact that my head is on the butcher's block does not cause me shame, but it does not make me proud either. I suspect that many people of Freehold are fully aware of my anti-Semitic outburst ~~made the day~~ I was arrested. People will bear witness to my punishments of which JAIL TIME and PROBATION are just a part.

12 20 SA [1030] I face economic insecurity. Things are exactly as they should be. Nancy Gahn called this morning. She wants to meet with me at 11 to go over my dilemma with me. She tells me that ~~the~~ Beth from the Region Office hates me. Beth is Jewish. I suppose she got the scoop on my anti-Semitic outbursts. I was deranged to be sure. Beth told Nancy that Paul Sedor was furious when he received my letter.

I get the feeling that I am being lynched by a mob. I do not trust anyone but Nancy and Joan. Evidently I am disliked by Albert, Noe, Desjardins, Sedor, Wiles, Sandke, Huszar, and the rest. My off the wall behavior has caught up with me. I have been labeled a trouble maker, a source of dissent and disruption. I honestly believe it is over. I cannot see getting a Union representative to meet me in Trenton on Tuesday on such short notice. I don't really mind leaving the Parks Service. It was a dead end anyway.

For now I will go through the motions of fighting for my job, but by now I have been BLACK LISTED as a ^{useless} psychotic genius!

[1220] Nancy ~~was~~ went over the papers from Labor Relations. She believes I should have my lawyer come with me to the hearing, and that if he cannot make it to have it postponed. She said she would show up as a character witness. She said she would lend me money to pay the lawyer, that the State was really after me. Nancy will even mention that Officer Cress of the Freehold Boro police had a vendetta against our park due to his father having been arrested for hunting illegally here. I know now that the police were against me for my locking the gate every night so that they would not be able to "spot" deer. This is a very small town. My story is known. I will fight to keep my job ~~to~~ in spite of the fact that I have been black listed.

I may go to a shrine with my sister. It is an hour drive. I am seriously considering going to the Barnes and Noble for a job application. At least I would have some spending money. It is difficult for me to keep from hating the State, including Paul Sedor, Jim Wiles, Steve Hussar, Bill Allet, Tom Sandle, Jim Noe, Claude, and all the idiots that are against me.

12 20th [1320] I am feeling a sense of well-being through acceptance of things as they are. For the time being, I am not out there getting job applications. I have to be on the phone with my lawyer and my union on Monday. I also will try to type up a letter requesting a formal hearing. I have such a desire to just let go of this, to say goodbye to the Tax House and Monmouth Battlefield State Park. I am tired of working with such petty folks. I am tired of being a state employee. The State is not intelligent. It thinks it can hurt me by making me unemployable. I will work somewhere. I will return to Brookdale in September 1998. I will try to get Financial Aid. I will continue with Computer Science and Mathematics.

I get no sympathy from the State of New Jersey. I am lucky to be out of jail, lucky to have a family that loves me. What of my "so-called friends" at the park? I am on my way to happiness where I can find some peace and rest.

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[1830] I am going to miss my loud music most of all when I leave the Tark House. In Mom's basement, I will not be able to turn up the volume. The 6 speakers will go to waste. I will miss the desk space. I will be humbled. All is transitory, temporal. "In the darkest hole you'd be well advised not to plan my funeral 'fore the body dies." I believe besides "the Department" heads, even I myself have begun to plan my funeral before the body dies. Even I am not aware of what is to become of me. Perhaps once I get used to being back, I will come to life. For now I just want to read my old notebooks, read some new books, and write. I have great faith that I will endure the coming judgements with humility.

[2330] Mom cooked lamb shanks in her crock pot all day. We ate them by 2000, then we went to the Barnes and Noble for coffee before going to the AA meeting at the Awareness Center on Gibson Place. No one recognized me. Ray was surprised to see me. Don was obnoxious, criticizing RR. Claude was there. He will be picking me up at 0845 to bring me to a meeting at the Clubhouse, then he wants to take me out for breakfast. Dad gave me \$100.00 when I went by to see him.

12/20

I am actually relieved that I am not working at the moment. I can honestly say I am ready to accept leaving the State Park Service. This was a dead end job. My math skills were being wasted.

Before I go to the Barnes and Noble for an application, I will head out to Brookdale Community College and apply for a job there either as a teachers aid, a tutor, or a maintenance worker.

I will not wait until I am officially terminated before going to unemployment. If I were to work at BCC — even as a janitor — I could take a few courses per semester and work there until I get a degree. I want an associates in Computer Science and a Bachelors in Mathematics.

By the time I am 36, 37 I should be ready to begin a career as a programmer. Perhaps I will even meet a few women at BCC.

I am ready for a change. The routine with the parks is getting old. My true talents are not being utilized, and this is a shame. Let happen what will, I am ready to be humble in facing the challenges. I am grateful.

How do I feel knowing that the Department of Environmental Protection wants to immediately suspend me without pay prior to removal? Is this not rejection?

The "department" is abstract. Individuals comprise this so called "department".

I think that I am wasting my life as a janitor here anyway. Let them fire me, let the DMV suspend my

drivers license. Let them try to destroy me. I will use my intelligence

and I will survive. I hope BCC does not hold my "crimes" against me.

This is a turning point. I will roll with the punches and rise like a Phoenix from the ashes! This may take time. The adjustments will be

raw. Living in Mom's basement will let me know where I stand.

Walking to a bus station, depending on public transportation to get to work/school will humble me —

but I will be working towards a

goal. In the long run I will reach my goal which is to

engage in BRAIN WORK rather than MANUAL LABOR. I will no

longer have to gain the approval of the assholes in the parks service.

The State is stupid. The State is a bully.

12/20

There is so much my brain wants to read that I am grateful to be momentarily without work. Everywhere I look there is a book to read that has valuable information in it. I even want to skim through my writings.

When will I get to straightening out the house? Perhaps tomorrow I may start doing some laundry, putting some dishes away, washing some dishes. I will contact Nancy Gahn and ask her if she can drive me to Trenton for the "informal pre-suspension hearing".

Monday I have to contact Tim Fagen and my union before seeing Eric. I am not worried about auto insurance at this point. Tuesday is the hearing and New Hope. Perhaps on Wednesday I will do some basic cleaning in the Turk House.

Should I move into Mom's basement I will have to discard all furniture but for the following: 1 bed, 1 desk, 1 sofa, computer, dresser, shelves, stereo equipment + ~~and~~ video, some stands, some lights, AC, refrigerator, washer, dryer, kitchen stuff. It will be crowded down there! I will be humbled. I will leave all else and sell drums.

12/20

12 21 [12:00] It was good to go out for breakfast with Claude. He sees that I am accepting this thing with Labor relations. I am seriously afraid that in losing my job this way, because of the third degree crime, I will have a difficult time finding work elsewhere, especially BCC.

It is important that I discuss this with Tim Fagen. I get this rotten feeling I am doomed to be black listed. Life could get ugly for me. What can I do now but take one day at a time?

Monday - call / see lawyer
call Union
see Eric
call Wiles

Tuesday - Trenton hearing
ask for postponement
7PM New Hope

Thursday - Webers

Friday - Grandma Hentrich's

Monday 12/29 → Brookdale?
Unemployment?

My nephew wants me to play some basketball with him at the YMCA later, so until then I will relax doing what I like to do most. Reading... I refuse to internalize these judgements.

Society (The State government) is rating me as being unfit for public service due to my eluding behavior (deranged and out of control).

Perhaps I was deranged at the time. I refuse to rate myself. If I have a hard time getting a job after this, then I will have to focus on continuing my education at BCC in Computer Science. I will find somewhere to work.

I am not losing this job due to lack of intelligence or potential. I am losing the job due to conduct, behavior. I had a behavior problem, not a abilities problem. It is so difficult to keep from internalizing these judgements made upon me. I am being made out to look like a psychotic criminal, a deranged sociopath.

This world, society so easily and harshly judges and rates us. I guess I am not the state, but was merely a state slave. Now the state pronounces me as an enemy to be blacklisted as though putting me in jail was not enough. I will have a hard time finding work. What is the government doing to me? Still I am a valuable philosopher of my time.

12 21 SU [1730] Playing basketball with my nephew over at the YMCA was fun. He beat me 3 games one on one, then we played two on two, winning all three games. Joe dribbles very well. His layup and drive to the basket is almost impossible to stop. Like me, he also has a great outside shot. We had fun. He paid my way. I even have another pre-paid visit so we will do that again.

When I got home I talked to Nancy Gahn. She had the opportunity to speak to Jim Wiles. She spoke up for me, making it clear that I was under the impression I had a job waiting from the word of the assistant director of the Parks Service.

Isn't ironic that I have the potential and the intelligence to do so much better than maintenance workers for the parks, and yet I am being fired for having been found guilty of eluding the police — not for eluding the police, but found GUILTY!

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

...had a dream. it was time to be taken to the front of the line. now it's standing right in front of me. what's it gonna do to me? Who knows? "

Music soothes my soul. Books help me stay calm. Shall I have the money to pay my rent? Unlikely, unless I take some fucked up job for the time being. I don't want to work until I apparently lose my job, hence I am almost certain I will leave the Tark House. NO INCOME = NO RENT. = NO TARK HOUSE = NO DRUMS = NO EXCESS FURNITURE. Very soon, Tuesday December 23rd I will have more information.

I am being shafted, railroaded and abused by the system. I join the ranks of the uprooted and discarded. What is to come of me as a social entity remains to be seen, but as far as being an individual creature I know I have inner strengths yet to be realized. I will have to comply with probation. They will want pay stubs. I have to enter the work force at the lowest level just so as to comply with probation.

I do not want to violate probation. I hate to repeat myself, but I have the DWI still hanging over my head - another reason for termination.

I will take advantage of Christmas week to rest and clean up. Next week I will look for a job and try to start moving bed, coffee table, dressers, desk, and computer to Mom's.

12 24 SU [2300] I walked to the clubhouse. It took me 30 minutes! I noticed a couple women there. I think with my leg moccasins and safari hat, that I was also noticed by them. After the meeting I walked over to King Garden for 1/2 chicken and fries. I walked home. On the way up the road to the house I closed the gate and sang to the Big Sky Mind. I sang about how "My time home is within me!"

My nephew Joe's cousin Jamie - Donna's boy - attempted suicide today by slitting his wrists. Life is now. Life is real. At least I am not suicidal. I actually believe I will be relieved to leave MBSP. I hope my probation officer - Joan Harary - is lenient with me finding another job. I don't want to jump into anything.

Now that it is sinking in that Paul Sedor, Tim Wiles, Bill Allert, and probably even Tom Sandle want to see me fired, I am angry that I was never given recognition for my years of loyal service. It makes me want to get the hell away from here!

15/51

If I do not get this hearing postponed, return to work or get suspended with pay, in short, if I have to get another job so as to pay the state rent, I will be moving out next week and the state can try to fit this house up its fat jew ass! I will box things up, bag up clothes, etc. Perhaps by next week I will rent a U-HAUL to start moving bed, desk, coffee tables, dressers, sofa, computer, shelves, stereo equipment, books, clothes, refrigerator, washer, dryer. The truth is ugly. The Empire will reap what it has sown. It makes sense that the state has chosen to fuck me over. The evil empire takes its servants for granted. I think I will be falling right into their schemes when I move out of the Tark House as soon as I am officially suspended without pay. So be it. Ugly truth.

Looking back through my writings from May and June 1997 I see that I wrote crazy when I was drunk. At least I am sober. When I look around the Tark House, I remember the good times I spent with Sherry and the dogs; but, I also remember the nightmare summers of addiction. Perhaps Wile and Sedar and Albert also remember those summers. My time is up here. When I leave, will I look back?

12/21

12/21
Other men and women have been to jail, have pleaded guilty to crimes, have lost (and not been hired for) jobs due to their crimes against the State. This is a process I will go through. I will experience the wrath of the State. I never did like most the yes men I have met along the way. I am being dealt a heavy blow.

This certainly will not help my anti-establishment feelings. If anything, I realize that all my hard work was not appreciated and that the authorities do not value their servants. They use their help and expect hard work. I am sick of this bullshit where one is thrown in prison only to be released into the wage slavery system, and expected to be grateful! Many will think I am stupid for having lost this house, this job. Perhaps I lost this job because I am intelligent, I had no outlet for cerebration. At this point, even though I will go with the motions of fighting for my job, my reputation has been destroyed. How can I ever "love my job" again?



55/51

1997 12 22 MO [1000] My union representative, Bill Everett, called me this morning to tell me he would be at my pre-suspension hearing tomorrow. The only way I could keep my position with the park would be if the court lowered the degree of my offense from third to fourth. I called Jim Fager's office. He was not in. I left a message with the secretary. I called Nancy to let her know she needn't show up. I called Jim Wiles to see if he would take me. All is set. He will pick me up at 0900. I will wear my suit. I will request to be allowed to return to work, but I truly believe it is over and done with. I cannot collect unemployment as I am suspended. I really want to just leave here, even though I will have no place to park my VW at Mom's. I will ask Tami if I can park the car at her house. Fortunately it is the week of Christmas and everything will be put on hold. Jim Wiles tells me to be glad for my health and to rise like the Phoenix from the ashes. It is ironic that one would think Wiles was against me. In reality he is simply against me working here at MBSP. So Wed 12/24 I will wash clothes, Sat/Sun 12/27, 28 I will start boxing up books, cd's, putting excess clothes in bags.

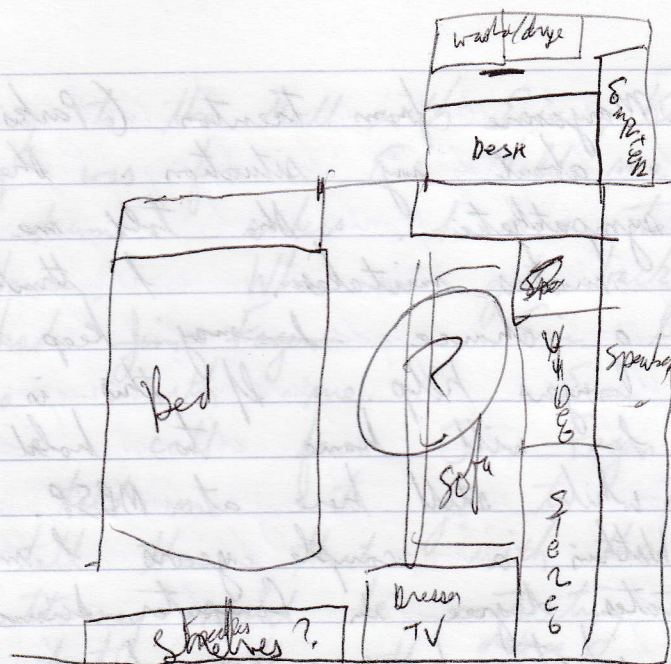
12/22

By Monday 12/29 I will start making room in Mom's basement. Perhaps by Tuesday I will look into renting a U-Haul. I don't know who I could get to help me. Most of the belongings I could move by myself besides the large appliances. I will go to BCC for an application on January 4th 1998. By then I would be in Mom's basement. I wonder if the State will give me a hard time about leaving furniture here in the Tark House. What choice do I have? There is only so much I can take to Mom's basement.

Without Sherry and the dogs, I am not married to this house. If I am going to have to leave eventually, why wait? Even if I were to keep my job with MBSP, I really don't need to live in the Tark House. My blood whispers to me to go with the flow. Probation will have to understand.

As for health benefits, for the time being my health is good. Part of me is even happy to leave this job behind, and I am not officially gone yet. Where to next? Is not life above such things as "image"?

MOVING TO BASEMENT 152 STOKES STREET



BED
DESK
COMPUTER/HOLDER
STEREO/coffee Table
DRESSER
SOFA
SHELVES

How will it all fit?

Right now I don't even want to think about it. Tomorrow I will go to Trenton. I have until Saturday 12/27 to relax and celebrate Christmas.

[1200] Jim Fagen is going to try to get the offense lowered to a 4th degree crime so that I can keep my job! Perhaps I will not have to move after all. I am going to slow down.

Eric will be here with his family by 2PM. Hopefully Jim Fagen gets back to me before they arrive. It would be wonderful to beat this thing. I could still go to college starting in September 1998.

12 22 MO [1320] Marguerite from Trenton (Parks) called me asking about my situation. She seems very sympathetic. She told me that everyone makes mistakes. I think there is still a chance I may keep my job with my lawyer's help. If this is the case, then I will have to hold my head up high while still here at MBSP.

Within a couple years I may have an Associates degree in Computer Science. We shall see what happens. I am not giving up on anything yet. Breathe in, breathe out.

Reality is the present moment. I can make no decisions on moving out of the house until I hear more from my lawyer.

My cousin Eric and his wife and children will be here shortly. We will go to the mall. I may walk over to see if I can borrow the battery charger from the shop before we go. I want to charge up the Jetta. Who knows when I will have to move it? I am truly in limbo for the time being.

Even were I to get shuding reduced from 3rd to 4th degree, I still fear the outcome of my DWI. At least I can see it coming. I am psychologically prepared for adjustments.

[1730] Going to the Mall with Eric, Kim, Morgan, and Sydney was fun. Eric told me not to sell the drums unless I were to move out of the Tank House. When we got back from the mall I had Jim Fagen. Eric listen to my messages with me. Sure enough there was a call from Jim Fagen, my attorney. He told me to go to Trenton tomorrow and tell them that with this new information my attorney would be contacting the prosecutor to see about getting the ~~charges~~ ^{degree} reduced to 4th degree.

My mother has mail for me from the Department of Labor at her house. She also has an application for a job a BCC. I will be going to the mall with Mom to pick out a pair of jeans and a shirt.

I am very relieved to have Jim Fagen behind me. I hope the prosecutor can persuade the Freehold Boro Police to give me a break. Do the Boro Police want to see me out of the Tank House? Perhaps. I have more hope today than I did yesterday. I think I may look for work so as to pay rent in the park house while waiting to see if I am "removed" or not. I will even ask to be allowed back to work in the mean time.

12 22 MO [2150] I have come to realize that I will be able to adjust to losing my job with the park. It would not be so bad living in Mom's basement, working at BCC and taking a couple courses. I could even use the public transportation if I were to lose my drivers license.

I could use my intelligence to rise like a Phoenix from the ashes! As of this moment, there is still very much hope in keeping from being removed. In fact, as soon

as the degree of my crime were reduced to fourth I would be able to return to my position.

Then I have to DWI to contend with. All these challenges are a part of life as it is in the raw.

Challenges do not have to destroy us. Challenges can be opportunities to discover strengths and skills we were not aware we had. On the 29th

I will not be able to deliver my application as BCC is closed. I will have to apply for work somewhere local for the time being. Shall I look in the paper Wednesday?

I have Queen's Made In Heaven CD in song # 13! The VW Jetta is having its battery charged.

1997 12 23 TU [1615] Merry Christmas Mr. Hentrich!

You are fixed! It is no use trying to withdraw my plea. Then the degree of my crime goes back to second degree and I go back to jail until we go to trial. I expressed my reluctance to my lawyer. I went to the unemployment office and applied for benefits - the benefits I have been paying into for all these years! There is a chance I may be rejected due to my being discharged for "criminal behavior", but I will return to the unemployment office on January 7th - a Tuesday to see if I was accepted.

It looks as though I will be moving into my Mom's basement. I truly believe I will be missed here at the park. Never will there be another like me. Besides cleaning Mom's basement this coming weekend, I will start to box things up, wash clothes, etc. I want to move my things out next week. Perhaps I will move bed, dresser, sofa, shelves, coffee table, books, records/cds, stereo equipment and TV in one day, getting "THE CAVE" prepared; then on the next day I will move refrigerator, washer, dryer, and whatever else I can fit.

Yes, people here at MBSP are somewhat upset about the way the State is handling me. I think it has to do with my anti-Semitic outbursts. I will try to control my feelings from now on. I have much to learn, and such a great price is paid for mistakes.

Nancy, Joan, Sharon, Chuck, and Shari will miss me. It may take awhile for Jim Noe or Claude to miss me. Claude will not be busting his ass. MBSP will replace me with either Jimmy Wiles or Kenny. I guess I was just too wild to last with the government. I have this feeling that I will not be eligible for unemployment because of the conviction. Life could get extremely difficult for me. I am holding up surprisingly well, but even if I were to break down, I would have the love and support of my family.

PLANS

W 12/24	Mom's for dinner with Dad.	1/5	BCC APPLIC.
T 12/25	Bert's / Weber's with Mom	1/7	Unemployment
F 12/26	Grandma Hentrich's with Dad	1/15	could owe State \$500 if not out. LEAVE PAY? HOW?
S 12/27	clean Mom's basement or wash clothes,		
M 12/29	box things up @ Turk House		
T 12/30	prepare things for The Move		
W 12/31	rent U-HAUL ? BED, DRESSERS, SOFA, C. TABLES, DESK, COMPUTER, STEREO EQUIPMENT, REFRIG, WASHER, DRYER, BOOKS, RECORDS, SHELVES, TV		

12/23

Now there is still probation to consider. Suppose I have to have employment. I had better purchase a paper. Those police really did me in when they arrested me!

Everyone is amazed with how I am dealing with this removal from State service. First I have to move, then

I have to get unemployment or a job.

Life truly is something. I am grateful I have a place to go. I am grateful to be no longer tied to this big house. I am being set free.

The biggest thing threatening me now is loss of income. I will find work somewhere.

To hell with self-esteem! To perform well and be approved of is what self-esteem is based on. Suppose I do not perform well. Supposed people disapprove of me.

Then what? The State disapproves of my being arrested for eluding the police and hence I am fired. I may not even be eligible for unemployment. I have no ego. I have no self.

I am the world as will and representation. I will try to remain rational through all this. Life is a processes. Life is change. The State Park Service is a memory. I am the universe!

2300] Shari Okunig, Chuck Savi's wife, stopped by to give me a little book called American Indian Wisdom. She and Chuck are disappointed that the Department of Labor let me go.

I walked into town for counseling at New Hope. Doug Schultz seemed to think I would be a helpful new addition to the group with my 7 years experience from 1987 to 1994 staying sober. He is very supportive of rational-emotive therapy and even wants me to one day give a presentation on Rational Recovery to the group.

He told me to go to the Freehold Hospital - Centre State - for free psychiatric prescriptions and blood work. I walked to the pizza place at Boro Plaza for a slice, then I walked to Barnes and Noble. I purchased a disk by MATERIAL called HALUCINATION ENGINE. It is fusion, ambient, jazz, funk, and dub all mixed into one.

I was reading a good book over at BN: The Art of Living - (The philosophy of Epictetus) - one who very much influenced Albert Ellis. I read some valuable stuff → It is better to starve to death than to be burdened with ambitions. Even the bad situations have an advantage in them for you. You just have to find it. I have a role to play. May I play it well.

The State is forcing me to live a simple life. I am not burdened with ambitions. I do not care what others think of me. I do not blame anyone for my situation, not even myself.

We do not lose things in life. I never owned this house, but rather I lived like a traveller in an inn. This is as it will be for me in Mom's basement as well. The Department of Labor cannot hurt me. They may fire me. They may prevent me from claiming unemployment benefits, but I will survive somehow.

I am playing the role of an intelligent yet poor man. May I play my part well.

I am a reader, and so I read.

I am a writer, and so I write.

I am a thinker, and so I think.

I strive to be wise not so as to impress others, but for my own peace of mind.

May my actions speak of my attitude. During this transition, somehow I will transport the essential belongings to my dwelling place in the basement of 152 Stokes Street. I do not have to worry about it. Slowly but surely I will move the stuff. Now is a time to be holy and wise, calm and undisturbed. This is not a time for blame, regret, or depression. I will discover strengths I did not know I had. So much is out of my control.

12/23

1997 12 24 WE [1020] I want to motivate myself to start doing something to get ready for my removing myself from the premises of the Tark House. It is difficult to see any good in this situation. I can start by thinking that I am due for a change. How long could I have gone on working as a maintenance worker for the park? How long would my math skills, my skills as a writer, be wasted?

If I go to BCC in January I will have to go in the morning just so as to have transportation. I will start with Programming in C:

8:30 AM - 11:20 M ATC 103 LI

8:30 AM - 11:20 R ATC 103 LI

Jan 2 - 17 registration - fee due

I may not have the money, but if I can come up with it, it would be great to be studying C programming. This would help me triumph over the "bad" situation. We make our own luck.

For now, the house is a mess. I am paralyzed. The best thing I could do today besides washing all my clothes is to begin to box up and discard. I can throw much junk in the dumpster.

I believe I will feel more at ease when I am officially moved out of the house. I will also be so grateful to get unemployment checks as this will give me a chance to find work without starving to death in the process. I just can't seem to get motivated.

I have to cross each bridge as I come to it. I will have to make sure the VW is registered so I can park it at Tami's. I am actually looking forward to going to court for my DWI so I know where I stand with my driving license.

I am not the first person to experience being fired from the state for being arrested while off duty. I think I will call Turning Point to let them know what's going on with me.

The disk I purchased last night at Barnes and Noble, Hallucination Engine, is funky fusion jazz. It will be the theme music for Raw Reality, the next phase of my life.

This truly has been and continues to be a great turning point in my life. I went nuts while an employee for the state parks service.

I am not blaming myself or anyone working for the state. The plot thickens.

What is my role? What kind of character do I play? Labeled as criminally deranged and unfit for public service, I keep writing and writing.

12 24 WE [1300] Greg Gilroy came by the house. He is a good old friend. Angela - his woman - is pregnant with child. Gilroy will be a father! He brought a joint over and offered to smoke with me. I declined. He meant no harm; I don't think he truly understands my situation. Besides the consequences of violating probation, I want to keep my head together. My brain chemistry is extremely delicate. During this transition I want to remain present in raw reality. It is natural to desire to get high, but to be in control of my inner condition is more rewarding than the buzz. Greg Wiles stopped by to see the drums. He wants to purchase them for \$600.00 (half of what they are worth). I will keep \$100 and give \$500 to my cousin Eric towards the \$2000 debt. When the 2 Gregs left, I went into the attic. There was a roach of fat in a baggie. I immediately threw it away after sniffing it. The temptation to smoke it was great, but I was able to quiet the Beast within by remembering the consequences. I think probation will be an asset in keeping my head together.

45/51

I have begun doing my laundry. I will continue throughout the day, and then pick up where I leave off on Saturday 12/27.

That entire weekend I will spend organizing my precious books, records/cds, office supplies, and even clothes. This all will not happen overnight, but as soon as I am ready to rent a truck, I will notify the Region Office in writing about my decision to just move my belongings out of the Tank House. I will give him an exact date that I will be finished moving stuff out. I will say that whatever is left in the house after that date I will take as a loss.

An era of my life has come to an end. There will be no more loud music, no more drums, no more huge house, no more privacy. On a brighter note, there will be no more uniform.

Elroy thinks I will be working construction, but I would rather look in the paper for a programming job. I am confident that my attitude will bring me peace of mind. As it is I am overwhelmed with all the work involved in packing up just my clothes and books! Moving out of the Tank House is a full time job! This is Notes From The Abyss in reverse.

12/24

I will be going over to my mothers
at around 4:30 PM. I will
have dinner with her. I have no
gift to give her except that I am
out of jail! I am her gift.

Now is a time to let go of
worry about the eluding (criminal offense).
It is over, and I am on probation.

Now is also a time to let go of
worry over the house. I have no
income. I cannot afford rent no
matter how "cheap" it is.

I am free from caring about
what others think or say about me.

I have my own life to live.

I am the one who has to die
when it is time for me to die.

If my "crimes against the state"
prevent me from finding work,
I will have to collect unemployment
for a longer period of time
while going to school.

If I am unable to collect
I will work part time somewhere
while seeking financial aid for BCC.

In a real sense, losing my job
and residence at MBSP is truly
liberating. As for a woman wanting to be
with me for the Turk House, this will

no longer be an issue. Was I to stay
in the Turk House just to attract a
mate? Will I feel like a loser living
in my mother's basement at age 31? Will
I feel like a computer geek? Will
I feel like a psychotic freak? How
can I change these feelings? Did my
job with MBSP including the house give
me dignity, importance, self-worth?

That is not where my intrinsic worth comes from.
My ability to adapt and adjust is the key to
my survival. The fact that Paul
Sedor may dislike me is no longer
my problem. Their "official opinions" no
longer concern me.

As I close this phase of Reflections
Upon My Inner Condition I realize that the
title of this phase is very appropriate.
This has been and will continue to
be more of a turning point in my
life than I expected. Not only does
it mark the phase of my re-entering
society as a sober individual, it
also marks the end of my state service
with NS PARKS, the end of my dwelling
in the Turk House. I am grateful to have
my mother's basement to live in. I am grateful
for my mind and my higher wisdom.